

BOGUS COFFEE.

Made of Molasses, Rye Flour and Other Ingredients.

How the Counterfeit Bean is Manufactured for the Market.

The adulteration of food in these days of keen competition and cheap production has given rise to a peculiar industry, which, in spite of its claim of legitimacy, is enshrouded with nearly as much mystery as the work of the alchemist in the dark ages, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The new industry is the manufacture of coffee compound or artificial coffee.

The "compound" is manufactured in the shape of coffee beans, made to imitate as closely as possible the natural article. It is sold to wholesale dealers and is mixed with the common grades of coffee. The bogus coffee is sold at about one-third the price of the natural product, and this allows a big margin of profit when the "compound" is mixed with the genuine article. Molasses, rye flour, chickory and other ingredients enter into the composition of the bogus coffee, and it is claimed that it contains nothing injurious to health. The secret of the preparation, however, is jealously guarded.

The manufacture of the bogus coffee berry is commenced on the third floor of the factory, otherwise known as the mixing room. At one end of a big room a huge tub is located, where the different ingredients are thoroughly beaten up—the mixture looking very much like children's mud-pie batter. It is next placed in a sort of grinding machine, over which a young girl presides. Her work is to see that the preparation is thoroughly ground, and to look after the long, brick-shaped cakes as they come from the oven.

The putty-like substance is now ready for the next machine, which merely rolls it out in thin sheets, similar to pie-crust. A third contrivance cuts these sheets into long, narrow strips about an inch in width.

Up to this point the composition has not the slightest resemblance to coffee. It tastes very strongly of molasses, and is slightly bitter. The next process is the stamping of the long strips into beans. The machinery that does this work is very intricate. There are a number of wheels, about six inches in diameter, and encircled by a brass band. At even intervals there are indentations just the size and shape of the convex side of the coffee bean. The flat grooved side of the bean is formed by another brass-banded wheel, stamped in a similar fashion.

The long thin strips are run into this machine and are divided by knives into two or three strips, the exact width of the bean. In running through the wheels the beans are stamped out with bewildering rapidity falling into square sieves placed directly beneath the machine.

The beans are carried to the floor beneath, where the drying room is located. A long double tier of closets extends from one end of this room to the other. Inside of these closets are steam pipes. The sieves containing the stamped coffee beans are placed in the closets and the steam is turned on. One hundred and thirty degrees is the temperature required, and the bean is left for several hours to thoroughly dry.

The bean is, of course, still very rough, and would easily be detected as spurious were it not smoothed down. For this process a dozen revolving sieves are required. The bean is taken from the sieves, and is smoothed and polished by friction. In the bottom of each sieve there is a funnel-shaped trap through which the beans fall into a receptacle on the floor below.

The compound now tastes like coffee, and were it not for a slight molasses flavor it would be almost impossible to distinguish it from nature's product. The final process is to roast the bean in the same manner as the genuine article. Any desired shade can be obtained in roasting, thus imitating the various brands of coffee. The entire process of manufacture occupies about two days.

The Largest Steam Engine.

The largest steam engine in the world is now in process of completion in the works of Sulzer Brothers, at Winterthur. It works with four cylinders, the steam for which is furnished by four boilers with 2,000 horse power capacity. The engine is 63 feet long and 45 feet wide. The flywheel measures 23 feet in diameter. When completed the monster will be put into a large factory in St. Petersburg.

A Story of Hard Luck.

Along in the late 60's I was in New York, and one morning I woke up, after having had only one meal in two days, to find myself the possessor of a five-cent piece. I was as hungry as a bear, and entirely without valuables except my overcoat, and the weather was bitterly cold. I left my temporary lodging place a stranger in a strange town, and walked up Broadway, in the hopes of meeting some one I knew. For three or four hours I plodded back and forth, when suddenly a feminine voice called my name, and I was greeted by a young lady whose family I had known in Georgia. We chatted a minute or two, and she asked me to come over to Brooklyn, where they were living, before I left New York. I said I was going to leave that evening, and, as I had hoped, she begged me to come over and take dinner that very day. I promised, and she left me with the remark that they dined at 6. It was then barely noon, and I was nearly famished. The fare to Brooklyn was then three cents, so I wandered down town toward the Wall St. pier, and bought two apples with two cents out of my precious five. At last the time came to embark, and over to Brooklyn I went. My friends lived in Montague street, where the Wall St. ferry boats land, and I was quickly at the house. They were all delighted to see me, and asked a million questions, which I could give no connected answers to on account of the occasional clink of dishes in the dining-room. That sound set me nearly crazy. At last dinner was announced. The father took his seat at the head of the table behind a big silver bowl of steaming soup. We were all helped, and I was praying for my portion to get cool enough to sip, when I hope I may die if my host didn't fall back out of his chair, stricken with apoplexy. Of course, there was no more dinner; everything was excited and hysterical, and I got out of the house as soon as I could. Nothing was left for me to do but pawn my coat. I did so, ate an immense supper, and the effects of it made me sleepy. When I was awakened to pay the check I didn't have a cent. I had been robbed while dozing. I was kicked out of the place. Talking about hard luck and out in the cold world, out in the street, I tell you I had enough of it in a few hours that time to last me all my life. I slept in an all-night lunch house, whose clerk took pity on me, that night, and next day managed to get a temporary job telegraphing; but it was a tough and awful experience. My old friend was buried two days after the dinner, but I couldn't go to the funeral, because I didn't have an overcoat.—Washington Star.

serge, with smooth finished cloth, are in the majority. Besides those already mentioned there is an endless show of checks and plaids, both large and small, mixed goods, boucle goods and goods with a pattern of one color laid on a ground of another. These last materials are better for combining with plain stuff than for making up into entire gowns.

Velvet and satin, re-employed for trimming, more having begun to decline in favor. It has already outlived its usefulness, being of transient beauty and quickly rendered shabby by dampness and wear. A good quality of satin or peau de soie is the most serviceable of silk goods. Spangled passementerie has fallen greatly in price, which may be taken as an indication that it is no longer esteemed by fashion authorities. It would naturally decline with moire, as it belongs to the same era of glitter.

Striped stuffs are very fashionable at present, and in slanting bars they are very effective for bodice use. A gown of reddish amethyst rep has black wavy stripes of jet slantwise round and round the figure. The sleeves are of black velvet to the elbow and below of the striped goods. It's a difficult job for the most skillful hand to attain this trellis effect and have it accurate. Without accuracy it will look like a dreadful blotch. With the stripes running perpendicularly the task is easier.

The distinctive feature in millinery so far shown is the feather tumbling off behind. You see it on all the hats and bonnets, whatever the shapes.

The new model shown here is of olive green velvet, trimmed with black jet passementerie, studded with white crystal, black ostrich feathers, black satin ribbon. The front is faced with peach colored tatin, making the bonnet unusually becoming. The shape is to be recommended only for piquant faces, though we shall probably see

girl's outfit in the sack suit, made in three pieces, blouse, skirt and double-breasted reefer coat. A rough blue serge is the fabric. The coat is loose, warm, lined with plaid flannel and intended to be laid aside indoors. The illustrated model is finished with a band, cuffs and collar of dark blue chinchilla. The sleeves are lined with satin, so that the garment can be put on and off without a struggle.

FASHION FANCIES.

BEAUTIES OF NEW WOOLEN AND SILK GOODS.

There is an Endless Variety of Materials and a Great Diversity in Colors—Striped Stuffs Fashionable.

IMPORTATIONS of wool and silk and wool goods are beautiful and varied. In black goods alone there are shown a greater number of different weights and weaves, crepon effects, stripes and figures heretofore all seen. Plain goods also, hennetta, serge and the new waterproof material called cravenette—a hard twisted light-weight stuff that does not rumple—are fashionable, while entering the domain of color so large a field for choice is opened that it is confusing to a woman who has not previously decided upon what she requires. A wide variety of two toned woolen goods is shown in all tints, figured and plain, woven on the same principles as changeable silk, while in solid colored materials covert cloth and



ONE OF THE NEW BODICES.

shoulder to the turn of the arm at the elbow. This throws extra fullness on each side of the shirring, which is sometimes covered with a band of handsome passementerie, or again it is left to show the gauging. Another popular sleeve is accordion plaited at the armholes, and again at the elbow, with a deep Cromwellian cuff turned back at the elbow, above the close coat portion, the cuff covered with a rich beaded galloon.

AN UP-TO-DATE LITTLE GIRL. The best-selling model for a school-girl's outfit is the sack suit, made in three pieces, blouse, skirt and double-breasted reefer coat. A rough blue serge is the fabric. The coat is loose, warm, lined with plaid flannel and intended to be laid aside indoors. The illustrated model is finished with a band, cuffs and collar of dark blue chinchilla. The sleeves are lined with satin, so that the garment can be put on and off without a struggle.

TWO MODES OF HAIR DRESSING. Two quite distinct methods of hair dressing are now in vogue. In one the hair is knobbed away up on the head as grandmothers wore here; in the other it is braided and turned loosely up and fastened with just one great jeweled pin. This last fashion is, of course, only for the girl who doesn't care a rap if her hair does come down and really rather wants it to.

SILK-LINED GLOVES. The notable departure in gloves is the silk lining. Stylish tan gloves are lined throughout to the finger tips with dainty pale blue or green silk, and the effect is luxurious. These gloves are made in Germany.

BONNET OF OLIVE GREEN VELVET. A good many of these "coal scuttles" over faces that are far otherwises.—New York Tribune.

A RHAPSODY IN MILLINERY.

Picture a monster dice, straight and flat as the ogre's plate in the fairy tale, of deep, gold colored felt.

Put in front on this vast, untrimmed expanse a single bow of black velvet, whose wide, stiff ends touch the edge of the brim at each side. Under this brim, as if growing out of the temples, fasten two large balls of silver and rhinestones; next, from the two crown sides underneath, hang two black ostrich feathers that curl around the coiffure and drop to the shoulders, and lo, the latest French freak that offends the American palate!

In this large hat the temple ornaments were distinctly out of place, but for small hats and bonnets they form an effective and becoming garniture. Indeed, the very latest fad in millinery is a broadening effect at the sides, and to emphasize this not only balls and jeweled horns of every description are used, but also velvet choux and seal and sable heads.

FULL SLEEVES. Many of the new full sleeves are shirred through the exact center of the huge puff, from the top of the

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The infantry decided to remain. Cosby's and Giltner's brigades concluded to go to Tennessee. Duke's and Vaughan's brigades started to go to Johnston. A rush was made for the wagon trains from which the mules and horses were taken, and the men rode on mules and some carried horses with ropes for bridle. About 225 paroled prisoners came along and joined our party that morning. A notable incident occurred to me that night. A soldier accompanied me and asked to go along. It was Champ Ferguson, the noted guerrilla, who played the part on our side that Tinker Dave Deady did on the Federal. I asked Champ Ferguson how many men he had killed with his own hand, and he replied ninety-two in all. "The next morning we found ten or twelve officers, with their men, and they went with us. That night a calamity occurred. Two years before a negro had appeared in our camp. Capt. Murrell said he bought him—know his owner never gave him to Capt. Murrell; he may have bought him. The negro's name was Alfred, and he was invaluable. He was our cook, and when chickens were \$21 each and eggs \$12 a dozen, and pigs were of eight or ten dollars value, Alfred did his marketing exclusively at night. He was invaluable, and when he disappeared as we were dismayed as when Lee surrendered. "We marched to Stateville without a square meal since Alfred left. "We marched toward Lincoln, and found Col. Napier with 45 men and 215 horses had been driven away by Stoneman. Gen. Echols had passed on to Raleigh. We marched on to Charlotte, arriving there April 16 or 17. Johnston and Bragg were negotiating. I found Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were Dillworth and Williams' brigades, the latter in command of Col. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. We were there ten or twelve days, and received the news of Lincoln's assassination before we left. Gen. Johnston telegraphed that his agreement with Sherman had been signed, but that Andrew Johnston, who succeeded Lincoln, had repudiated it, and Jefferson Davis had better leave. Davis proposed to take the cavalry across the Mississippi and form a nucleus around which the South could rally and secure their rights. "There were a crowd of unattached officers and men who decided to remain and our leader. Davis wanted to put General Bragg in command, but the Kentucky officers went to Davis and said that Breckinridge had resigned his Major Generalship to be Secretary of War, and that they wanted him as their commander. Davis assented. Breckinridge took charge and did me the honor to make me his Adjutant General. We went with four or five clerks and destroyed all the records of the war office save five or six boxes—that is one reason there is a lack of official documents in the publication of the records. I greatly regret that destruction. The last destruction was on the banks of the Savannah river. "We marched about twelve miles a day at Union Court House we found Col. Napier with the 215 horses, and the command was mounted. Forage was very scarce on account of Sherman's raid, but a quantity of hay was found occasionally in barns. One old woman was she objected to our taking the hay said: "You are Kentuckians; why don't you go home like our boys. Go and decently withdraw. Why don't you do that?" "You spoke out of your turn," replied an old Kentuckian. "You South Carolina people brought in this war and are going to do it." "At Union C. H. was the first time I met Mr. Davis. He looked like his picture on the postage stamp, and was the gamecock style of man, full-chested square shouldered, only five feet eight inches high. "I met all the Presidential Cabinet. Judge Reagan talked about the condition of the country. Judah P. Benjamin and Breckinridge quoted Tennyson and criticized the verses. Breckinridge was royal-looking Benjamin was about five feet one inch high heavy and rotund; he rode a horse seventeen hands, and was a ridiculous figure, but when in his own voice he quoted poetry you forgot his appearance. Mr. Malory, secretary of the Navy, was about such a figure as Benjamin, and rode a large horse. "At Abbeville we found it was no use to go any further. The officers told Davis that the soldiers would go with him as long as he desired, but it was useless to prolong the war. He said he could escape unaided. Gen. Duke, who was at the conference, told me that he never saw Davis so crestfallen. After the conference I was sent to the rear where they could disband, that Davis did not need them as an escort, and each man could strike out for himself. The Kentucky and Tennessee soldiers said they would march home in a body. That night four or five train loads of men and one bullion came from Charlotte with some Treasury agents. Gen. Duke with forty-five men was put by Breckinridge to guard them. The following morning Duke asked that fifty men from each brigade be furnished him as a guard for the cars, this was done. A Treasury agent was seen taking a bag of gold away and he was brought back. We went on to Vienna on the Savannah river. Davis and his cabinet started for Washington, Ga. There the Mississippi Brigade and Vaughan's Brigade decided to wait and surrender. "Duke's command having gone to Woodstock, Breckinridge did not know what to do. A Federal force appeared. Breckinridge said: "Go detain them while I get away. Col. J. B. Clay, Capt. Breckinridge and I were sent to parley with the Federals. We did hold them a long time. Their Major was a gentleman, and feeling good. He was bald drunk. He did not want to fight, and neither did we. He begged us to surrender. We pleaded and joked for three-quarters of an hour, then said plainly that as neither wanted to fight we would go on one side of the road and let him pass, or he could go on one side and let us pass. He agreed and moved to one side, and we marched by. They cheered us and we cheered them. "Gen. Breckinridge, with his son Cabell and Col. Theodore O'Hara and Major Wilson, made their way to the Florida coast. Then came our parting—I never realized that the Confederacy was gone till we began saying to each other, good-bye. A number of Kentucky soldiers insisted on having a certificate of discharge. I wrote them each one and without knowing what I was going to talk about Capt. Joseph Pettus showed me one here to-night. Our command was the last organized force of the Confederacy this side of the Mississippi river. We broke up May 6. I was commissioned by Gov. Pickens January 19, 1861, and served till May 6, 1865. I always contended that I served longer than any other soldier in the Confederacy. When I reached home, Greenville, S. C., there was a Federal officer sent for me. I had only a horse and pistol, and had no parole, but as I had written a good many paroles I wrote one for myself, selecting a distant command whom the Federal officer knew nothing about, and the parole was satisfactory."

AFTER LEE'S SURRENDER.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY.

Breaking Up of the Last Organized Command East of the Mississippi.

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We pleaded and joked for three-quarters of an hour, then said plainly that as neither wanted to fight we would go on one side of the road and let him pass, or he could go on one side and let us pass. He agreed and moved to one side, and we marched by. They cheered us and we cheered them. "Gen. Breckinridge, with his son Cabell and Col. Theodore O'Hara and Major Wilson, made their way to the Florida coast. Then came our parting—I never realized that the Confederacy was gone till we began saying to each other, good-bye. A number of Kentucky soldiers insisted on having a certificate of discharge. I wrote them each one and without knowing what I was going to talk about Capt. Joseph Pettus showed me one here to-night. Our command was the last organized force of the Confederacy this side of the Mississippi river. We broke up May 6. I was commissioned by Gov. Pickens January 19, 1861, and served till May 6, 1865. 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The infantry decided to remain. Cosby's and Giltner's brigades concluded to go to Tennessee. Duke's and Vaughan's brigades started to go to Johnston. A rush was made for the wagon trains from which the mules and horses were taken, and the men rode on mules and some carried horses with ropes for bridle. About 225 paroled prisoners came along and joined our party that morning. A notable incident occurred to me that night. A soldier accompanied me and asked to go along. It was Champ Ferguson, the noted guerrilla, who played the part on our side that Tinker Dave Deady did on the Federal. I asked Champ Ferguson how many men he had killed with his own hand, and he replied ninety-two in all. "The next morning we found ten or twelve officers, with their men, and they went with us. That night a calamity occurred. Two years before a negro had appeared in our camp. Capt. Murrell said he bought him—know his owner never gave him to Capt. Murrell; he may have bought him. The negro's name was Alfred, and he was invaluable. He was our cook, and when chickens were \$21 each and eggs \$12 a dozen, and pigs were of eight or ten dollars value, Alfred did his marketing exclusively at night. He was invaluable, and when he disappeared as we were dismayed as when Lee surrendered. "We marched to Stateville without a square meal since Alfred left. "We marched toward Lincoln, and found Col. Napier with 45 men and 215 horses had been driven away by Stoneman. Gen. Echols had passed on to Raleigh. We marched on to Charlotte, arriving there April 16 or 17. Johnston and Bragg were negotiating. I found Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were Dillworth and Williams' brigades, the latter in command of Col. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. We were there ten or twelve days, and received the news of Lincoln's assassination before we left. Gen. Johnston telegraphed that his agreement with Sherman had been signed, but that Andrew Johnston, who succeeded Lincoln, had repudiated it, and Jefferson Davis had better leave. Davis proposed to take the cavalry across the Mississippi and form a nucleus around which the South could rally and secure their rights. "There were a crowd of unattached officers and men who decided to remain and our leader. Davis wanted to put General Bragg in command, but the Kentucky officers went to Davis and said that Breckinridge had resigned his Major Generalship to be Secretary of War, and that they wanted him as their commander. Davis assented. Breckinridge took charge and did me the honor to make me his Adjutant General. We went with four or five clerks and destroyed all the records of the war office save five or six boxes—that is one reason there is a lack of official documents in the publication of the records. I greatly regret that destruction. The last destruction was on the banks of the Savannah river. "We marched about twelve miles a day at Union Court House we found Col. Napier with the 215 horses, and the command was mounted. Forage was very scarce on account of Sherman's raid, but a quantity of hay was found occasionally in barns. One old woman was she objected to our taking the hay said: "You are Kentuckians; why don't you go home like our boys. Go and decently withdraw. Why don't you do that?" "You spoke out of your turn," replied an old Kentuckian. "You South Carolina people brought in this war and are going to do it." "At Union C. H. was the first time I met Mr. Davis. He looked like his picture on the postage stamp, and was the gamecock style of man, full-chested square shouldered, only five feet eight inches high. "I met all the Presidential Cabinet. Judge Reagan talked about the condition of the country. Judah P. Benjamin and Breckinridge quoted Tennyson and criticized the verses. 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